

Jesus is the Resurrection and the Life (Bilingual)

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Preacher: Chris Bowditch

[0 : 0 0] Well, it's good to be here today. I think I've been in Holy Trinity now for three and a half years, and this is the first time I've made it to a bilingual service, so I'm looking forward to it.

Alright, so today we're going to talk about life, and about hope, about some of the great truths of the Christian faith, and before we start, I want to say that it might not be easy for some of us, because to talk about life, we're also going to have to talk about death.

To face death, to face death's reality. And as many of you will probably know, it's a horrible thing when it hits us in some way.

Death can be terribly sad. But our faith in Jesus changes us.

Because Jesus is the man who's beaten death. This is the source of our hope. This is our hope. Jesus' resurrection means that we no longer need to fear death.

[1 : 3 6] Jesus' resurrection means that we no longer need to fear death. And that our grief when faced with death needs to no longer be hopeless or unbearable. But death is a difficult topic to talk about.

So I want to start by telling you a story. When I, in 1992, which is a long time ago, I was in year two in New South Wales.

That's right. That's right. That's right. I can't understand what's going on.

All righty. So it's 1992, and our school organized an overnight school camp for us little year two people. And as you can imagine, we were all very excited.

We got to spend the night with our friends on camp. And I remember driving out there on the bus and arriving and putting all our stuff in our rooms on the bunks.

[2 : 5 6] That I remember when we were on the bunks. That I remember when we were on the bus and we were on the bus. And some time after we arrived and had settled in, we went down to the pool and the tennis courts on this campsite.

And I can remember going into the pool and paddling around for a while and getting bored and going to play some tennis.

I remember when I was in the swimming pool and I was in the pool and feeling it's uncomfortable and feeling it's uncomfortable. And I got bored of that as well because I was in year two and had an attention span of about five minutes.

Sorry, that wasn't the notes. Very quickly, I thought playing the ball is no way to play. Because I was at the second grade and I was only able to concentrate for five minutes. And so I came back into the pool and started talking to my friends by the side of the pool.

So I came back into the pool and with my friends in the pool and we were at the deep end of the pool and I remember for some reason we looked into the water and we saw what looked like a shadowy figure at the bottom of the pool.

[4 : 1 2] And I remember what looked like a shadowy figure at the bottom of the pool. And I can remember thinking, is that a person?

This doesn't look good. And we sent one of our friends to run around to the other side of the pool and get one of the teachers who was standing over there. I was thinking, this is not a person, this is not bad.

So we sent a friend to the other side, and then called a teacher. And I'll never forget, for the rest of my life, it's almost 20 years ago now, the teacher running across, jumping into the pool, and pulling up a boy from my class out of the water.

And I can remember looking at his face and seeing that it was my friend. I can remember the whistles from the teachers blowing, and everyone being rushed out of the pool, and grabbing our stuff and running back up to the campsite, while they did CPR on this boy.

I can remember sitting on the steps at the campsite, waiting for the bus to come and pick us up, and the ambulance arrived.

[5 : 44] And we all cheered, but it was too late for our friend.

We were happy. We were happy. The car finally arrived. But it was too late for my friend. He was dead. He died. Our camp was over.

But that was really insignificant compared to the end of a little eight-year-old boy's life. So,

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[illegible][illegible]

■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■?a bit like I have since I witnessed that drowning on my school camp.

and to hope that God would be far more
gracious than I.

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[29 : 05]

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and that he'd been raised to life again, and that death has no power over
me.

but I remind myself again and
again, death has been defeated, I will rise again.

